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THE

POOR-POORE FAMILY

Reunion

At Newburyport, September 14th, 1881.

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POOR-POORE FAMILY

GATHERING

AT

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.,

Sept. 14th, 1881.

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The Poor-Poore Family Gathering.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN response to an invitation extended by Mr. Alfred Poore of Salem, Massachusetts, many persons having our common name and lineage, and descendants of John, Samuel or Daniel Poor, or Poore, brothers, and the first settlers of such name in this country,—desirous of having a family history, (for which abundant material exists in public and private records and papers,) that a wide-spread kinship, springing from a common ancestry, might learn the residence of its various members, the degree of their connection, their occupation and welfare, and in this way be brought into more intimate relations of sympathy and good will, met at Young's Hotel, Boston, on the 6th day of November, 1880.

At this meeting, at which twenty-two persons were present, all descendants of the said John, Samuel or Daniel, from whom it is believed that nearly all in this country bearing our name are descended, viz Ben: Perley Poore, West Newbury, Mass.; Henry Varnum Poor, Brookline, Mass.; Chas. F. Poor, 39 Claren-

don street, Boston; Geo. H. Poor, Andover, Mass., and 186 Washington street, Boston; Perry Poor, Charlestown, Mass.; James Ridgway Poor, 34 Chester Park, Boston; John M. Poor, Haverhill, Mass.; Edwin Poor, Bradford, Mass.; Alfred Poor, Goffstown, N. H.; Luke Poor, Haverhill, Mass.; John O. Poor, Boston; Albert Poor, North Andover, Mass.; Joseph Poor, Peabody, Mass.; William Poor, Andover, Mass.; Nathanial C. Poor, 34 Chester Park, Boston; Chas. D. Poor, Malden, Mass.; George W. Poore, Malden, Mass.; G. W. Poor, Lawrence, Mass.; Franklin N. Poor, Somerville, Mass.; Joseph H. Poor, Boston; Leroy Poor, Boston; Alfred Poore, Salem, Mass.

The object of the meeting having been presented, an organization was effected by choosing Maj. Ben: Perley Poore to act as Chairman and Alfred Poore of Salem as Secretary.

After a full conference and discussion it was decided to appoint a committee of six, two descendants from each of the three ancestors, to take measures for the publication of a history of our common family and also to make the necessary provision for a social gathering or reunion of all its branches on the 14th of September, 1881, at Newburyport, adjoining the town of Newbury, where the first John Poore settled, the house where he resided being still standing.

The committee appointed for these purposes were Henry Varnum Poor, of Brookline, Massachusetts, and George Horace Poor, of Andover, Massachusetts, descendants of Daniel, who settled in Andover, Mas-

sachusetts; John McCurdy Poor of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and Franklin Noyes Poor of Somerville, Massachusetts, descendants of John Poor, who settled in Newbury, Massachusetts; Nathaniel Colesworthy Poor of Boston, Massachusetts, and John Merrill Poor of West Newbury, Massachusetts, descendants of Samuel Poor, who settled in Newbury, Massachusetts.

A committee was also appointed consisting of Alfred Poore of Salem, John Osborne Poor of Boston, and George H. Poor of Andover, to prepare a constitution and articles for the purpose of uniting all of our common name or kinship into a permanent association, and to nominate a set of officers to be presented at the reunion the second Wednesday in September next. An enthusiastic interest was manifested by all present, and the earnest co-operation of all was pledged for the purpose of carrying out the objects in view.

Mr. Ben: Perley Poore informed the meeting that the history of that branch of the family descended from John Poore had been nearly completed by Alfred Poore of Salem, and that much progress had been made by him in the preparation of those of the families of Samuel and Daniel.

It was thought to be very desirable that the history of the John Poore branch of the family should be published previous to the proposed meeting at Newburyport, not only to have it ready for distribution but to show the kind of information that would be required for that of the other branches.

The above named committee were instructed to call attention to the fact and to solicit subscription to the history of the John Poore branch. Mr. Alfred Poore has for years been engaged in the preparation of this work, which has involved a large expense which should at least be repaid him.

For the publication of the history of the other branches of the family, it was estimated that the sum of $5,000 would be required. The committee were also instructed to solicit subscriptions to such work at the rate of $5.00 per volume; the money to be paid upon its delivery.

The manner in which the history of the John Poore branch has been executed, and the well known diligence and antiquarian zeal of Mr. Alfred Poore, is a sufficient guaranty that the history of the other branches will be equally well executed.

The first named committee, of which Mr. Henry Varnum Poor was chairman, held several meetings prior to the general gathering of the family, its business relating chiefly to the preparations for such gathering.

The gathering in the morning to hear the oration and Poem, was held in the meeting house on Pleasant Street, of the First Religious (Unitarian) Society formed in Newburyport, (formerly old Newbury). The dinner was served in the afternoon in the vestry of the Baptist Meeting-house on Green Street. The preparation for receiving the family at Newburyport, and for their entertainment there, was under charge of Mr. John McCurdy Poor of Haverhill. About 400 per-

sons, members of the family were present, a very large number of states being represented. Five brothers, two from New Hampshire, their native state, two from Maine, and one from Massachussets, were present. Many were present from the far west, and at the meeting beheld for the first time the ocean, over which their ancesters came to our shores; the spot where they landed; a house erected by one of them; the fields which they reclaimed and cultivated, all hallowed by recollection and associations of the past. All that came met and felt as one family for a long time separated, full of kindly sympathy and good will. The occasion was one of unalloyed happiness ever to be remembered.

The Poor-Poore Family Gathering at Newburyport, Sept. 14th, 1881.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY HENRY V. POOR.

I am charged with the pleasant duty of welcoming the members of our common family to this gathering —the first, perhaps, since our ancestors landed on these shores. The strongest instinct of our nature is that of family, which is alike the source of our highest joys and of our highest virtues. The gathering of a single household calls out the strongest affections of which we are capable. We long to hear the adventures, since the last parting, of each member, and to express to each our congratulations or sympathy. When the families of a common lineage meet, bringing with them the memories and experiences of two hundred and fifty years, they are, for the hour, whatever the degree of kinship, parents and children, brothers and sisters.

This sympathy of kindred, in the present case, is greatly heightened by our common lot and common experience in life. Our ancestors came here sturdy yeomen, to enjoy a freedom vouchsafed to them only in a wilderness. They coveted no man's possessions. They would submit to no rule but of their own appointment. Their highest honor, as well as that of their

descendants, has been, that through their whole history they have been equally removed from excess or want, occupying that happy mean in which the best affections grow and the most substantial rewards are reaped. It is this common experience which gives the highest zest to our meeting to-day. No member of our family is so far above the rest as to be beyond our sympathy, and few so far below as to excite our commiseration. Our ancestors came here to found a state, equally removed from the tyranny of religious or political institutions. Their crowning passion was a dread of a religious hierarchy from which they had suffered so much, and to escape which they fled to our shores. In this very county took place one of those acts which form a grand landmark in history. Severely religious in its best sense, when they came to establish public worship in their new home, the laymen, by imposition of hands, set apart the ministers for their work. They claimed no other warrant for the religious forms they established than their usefulness. What through the ages had been of divine appointment was made by them a matter purely secular. They declared to the world that religion was made for man, not man for religion. The form was human, the idea only divine. The first body of laws adopted in 1641, in this colony, enacted that

"Every church hath the liberty to exercise all the ordinances of God according to the rules of Scripture,"

and that

"Nothing shall be concluded or imposed by way of authority from one or more churches upon another, but only by way of brotherly conference and consultation."

If religious differences arose, the laymen were the tribunal of last resort. In secular affairs laymen neces-

sarily possessed all power. So soon as it was able to maintain the ministry of the Gospel and schools, every little hamlet became, or might become, without further act, a corporation in its own right, charged with the power to elect officers for the administration of its affairs, to dispense justice, and to send delegates to the General Court of the Colony, composed of those chosen from equally free and independent communities which formed the state. Neither in Religion nor in State can human genius mount higher than this. As they were free, so were they prospered. The institutions established by other states, and by the United States, as standing for all, and including fifty millions of people, are valuable and beneficent just to the degree that those of our ancestors have been copied and observed. While feeling for them all the sentiment of kindred, let us never forget the higher duty of maintaining, most scrupulously, the freedom which they established for themselves and for mankind. Let us constantly return to the fountain-head, drink deeply of their inspiration, and imitate their lives.

We are not only a family, but a family in its best sense—a lineage whose character and history is entitled to the highest respect. It has been ever tolerant of new ideas; has always had a deep sympathy with whatever looked like progress, and has been always found on the side of order, and of religious and civil liberty.

I have not only the pleasure of welcoming you to this gathering, but of introducing each of you to the others, assuring you that whomever you may meet you will find to be a sensible and kind relative, who will have much to ask, and much to communicate from a heart overflowing with sympathy and good-will.

and for which a common repast will afford the proper opportunity, and for that hilarity which is to crown a work now so soberly begun. I again bid you all welcome, and introduce you to each other as kindred and friends.

Following the example of our ancestors, who in every step sought guidance from above, I now ask the Rev. Daniel W. Poor, D.D., of Philadelphia, to invoke the Divine Blessing upon this gathering.

PRAYER.

By the Rev. David W. Poor, D.D.

Oh, Thou infinitely great and holy God; Thou Father of all mankind; giver of every good and perfect gift, the source of those blessings which gladden us this day so bright and beautiful that smiles upon us, we render Thee our humble and hearty thanks for this occasion and all its enjoyments; this opportunity of binding anew the ties of blood, of mutual acquaintance, and of Christian fellowship. We thank Thee for having restored and preserved here in this land the family institution in all its purity—the source of so many pleasures and pure joys, earth's type of heaven. And we rejoice, Holy Father, in the fact that so many of us have been blessed abundantly with those spiritual blessings which strengthen the ties of blood into bonds that shall never be broken; which gladden our homes with a brightness not of earth; which enable

us to turn away from the meeting here to the general Assembly and Church of the first-born above, in the hope of gathering there unbroken in the presence of our Lord and Redeemer. And we pray Thee for Thy blessing upon this occasion. Enable us to enjoy it sensibly ; enable us to enjoy it in Thy way and love ; to find in it a new occasion for gratitude to Thee ; and as we hear the history of the past rehearsed to us may we find in it beautiful confirmation of the promises Thou dost make from the fathers to the children, that the inheritance of the righteous shall be blessed. May God grant that we shall preserve this inheritance perfect and entire, and transmit it perfect and entire, so that our children's children shall rise up and call us blessed, and call blessed our Lord and Saviour Jesus in whom all are blessed. We pray Thee that Thou wouldst accept of our thanks for all the past ; that our fathers were brought to this land, that they have grown so abundantly, and throughout the length and breadth of this land. Grant that wherever they go they may carry with them righteousness and truth and purity ; that we may work as Christian leaven, leavening the lump wherever they go. And, Holy Father, we pray Thee that Thou bless our land ; for all the freedom that is established here we give Thee thanks. May it rest on intelligent foundations in the security of a God-fearing people. Protect us from all evils that may threaten us, and may we have sufficient influence for good to leaven the masses pouring in upon us ; and may this land be a fountain of blessing sending forth its streams through all lands. And we unite here in the prayers of all the nation so continually offered in behalf of our beloved President lying low and near the point of death. Lift him up we pray ; let

us see that Thou art an answerer of prayer. May we be gladdened by seeing him rise to strength, invigorated in body by this experience of trial, to make for us a better President, and our land, by this great tragedy, turned into an influence of good to set this people free from the evils which pervade it so extensively, and be made better and brought nearer to Thee. Grant us Thy grace on this occasion. Bless those who are to take part in it—the speakers of the day and all who are to have charge of this gathering, and may the words that are spoken refresh and gladden us and be a means of good to us all, and may we carry home recollections that shall be the refreshment of our lives. Grant to us to live wisely and nobly and purely, and the praise shall be Thine forever. Amen.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Tune—*St. Martin's.*

Let children hear the mighty deeds
  Which God performed of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
  And which our fathers told.

He bids us make His glories known;
  His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey His wonders down
  Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
  And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
  May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone
  Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
  But practice His commands.

STATEMENT IN REFERENCE TO THE HISTORY OF THE FAMILY.

By Alfred Poore, its Historian, of Salem.

Fellow Kinsmen: As most of you have learned the object of this gathering from the circulars that have been sent out to all we could discover who are akin to the family of the surname Poor or Poore, I will only encroach upon your time further to say what you can readily recall after this interesting day has passed.

This is *one* of the days in my life. Most of us have seen each other's signatures, and now we all see one another face to face.

Since 1846, or for thirty-five years, I have from time to time been searching and making inquiries respecting our ancestry and various kinships; and during that period have spent about five solid years of time and over two thousand dollars in money, besides board and clothing for the quarter score years.

I have had printed a volume of a third of a thousand of royal quarto pages. Thus far about one third of the said sum of two thousand dollars has been received from the sale of the work; and in time I shall realize about as much more for these pages; so I, no doubt, shall have to lose by my enterprise the other third, or about seven hundred dollars.

This meeting has been called for the purpose of creating an interest in our object, in the hope that some measures may be taken which shall result in the completion of the work of collecting materials and finishing a genealogy of every family of our name which shall be as full and complete as the branch I have had printed. This will, in the whole, make about one thousand pages, and it is estimated that the expenses of producing the other seven hundred pages will be about five thousand dollars.

I feel that I have paid out in money, so far, in this enterprise, my share; and in future shall be able to sacrifice only my time; but I ask that others of the family supply me with the means to finish the work, by finding me with food, raiment, travelling expenses, stationery and postage.

ORATION.

By Major Ben: Perley Poore.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Kinsmen and Friends: It is not without great hesitation that I appear before you to-day, to speak of our lineage and race. Many think that family pride is incompatible with republican institutions, and say that those who boast of their ancestry are "like potatoes in a garden—the best part of them are underground." But others, whose opinions are entitled to respect, have placed a high estimate upon family pride of birth. Daniel Webster, who could not boast of an aristocratic lineage, declared that it was

"wise occasionally to recur to the sentiments and to the character of those from whom we are descended. Men who are regardless of their ancestry, and of their posterity, are very apt to be regardless of themselves. The man who does not feel himself to be a link in the great chain to transmit life and being, intellectual and moral existence, from his ancestry to his posterity, does not justly appreciate the relations which belong to him. The contemplation of our ancestors, and of our descendants, ought ever to be within the grasp of our thoughts and affections. The past belongs to us by affectionate retrospect, while the future belongs to us no less by affectionate anticipation of those who are to come after us. And then only do we do ourselves justice when we are true to the blood we inherit, and true to those to whom we have been the means of transmitting that blood."

The history of the American families which bear the names of Poor, Poore and Poer—represented here

to-day—and of the family of Power, undoubtedly of a common ancestry, is to be found recorded in a heterogeneous mass of chronicle and of tradition, some of which is doubtless true, and much of which is undoubtedly false. Detaching these traditions of the past from their resting-places, I cannot always contemplate with pleasure, and I fear that you will not, the gaunt skeletons thus unearthed. We must all remember, however, that times change, and that the varying historic evolutions of the better part of a thousand years embody great changes in our social life, while they present a succession of startling fragments as found embalmed in the quaint atmosphere of antiquity. I have endeavored to blend some of these incidents in a historic panorama, displaying, as it is unrolled, the characteristics of those whose name we bear. Whether these successive sketches are viewed through the bright eyes of youth, or the reflecting vision of mature age, or the philosophical glances of old age, we can all look back with pride upon the Poors of the past. The lives of some of them have been crowded with action and with thought, but the greater number of them on this continent have been men and women unknown to fame, but who have occupied humble yet honorable places in our free Republic, enjoying the blessings of religion, liberty, knowledge and industry. Their names may not be inscribed on corroding brass or crumbling marble, but their monument is their descendants. And we who regard our ancestors, humble though some of them may have been, with admiration, with gratitude, and with reverence, can obey the injunction in Deuteronomy, to "ask now of the days that are past."

Normandy, where the family originated, is a pictu-

resque French province situated between Paris and the northwestern coast of France. It is an agricultural, hilly country, with rolling slopes, quiet valleys, and murmuring brooks that wind their way through meadows and glens with coquettish caprice. Large orchards supply the cider for which Normandy is famed, and which is the dinner beverage of men, women and children. The laboring classes reverentially cling to the customs and to the costumes of their ancestors. They are industrious, energetic frugal, truthful, faithful and stubborn. They never forget a kindness, they are reluctant to forgive an injury; they fear God, obey the laws and educate their children. We may also have inherited some of these traits of character.

Prominent among the quaint old cities of Normandy is Caen. The Romans, in the days of the Cæsars, had a city there, which was razed to its foundations by the Northmen who conquered that region and occupied it. Later, about the middle of the tenth century, Caen began to increase in importance, and it was a prominent city of Normandy when Duke William—afterwards known as the Conqueror—invaded England in the fall of 1066, at the head of sixty thousand fighting men.

The story of this Norman invasion of England, then in possession of the Saxons, is a romance. Men who crossed the Channel as common soldiers became in the conquered territory personages of consequence, and their names, ignoble and obscure on one side of the comparatively narrow sheet of water, became noble and glorious on the other side. The retainers of the Norman knights became titled landholders in England, while the once wealthy and noble Saxon was

expelled from the home of his fathers and had not where to lay his head. The conquerors, like all men suddenly enriched, behaved insolently and cruelly, and Celts and Saxons were goaded by wanton wrongs into insurrections in which they forgot their ancient animosities in love for their common country. But it was unavailing; the two races were involved in the same ruin, and Celts and Saxons were destined to struggle on under Norman subjugation through generations of servitude, thence to rise slowly and laboriously to the present power and glory of the British nation.

Normandy was benefited by the spoils of war sent by the conquerors of England to their homes, and the oldest son of William the Conqueror, Duke Robert, was enabled to equip a valiant force of crusaders, which he led to the Holy Land. Besieging Jerusalem, he captured the Holy City by assault after a siege of five weeks, butchered the garrison in cold blood, and sang jubilant anthems on Mount Calvary. Returning to Europe crowned with laurels, Duke Robert tarried in Italy, where he became enamored with the princess Sibylla, a daughter of the Count of Conversana, who kept him a year in suspense before she would consent to marry him. While thus enjoying the pleasures of courtship he forfeited by his absence his title to the throne of England, which had fallen, by his father's will, to his younger brother William, surnamed Rufus, or the Red, from the color of his hair.

William the Conqueror's third and youngest son, Prince Henry, was rather snubbed by his older brothers, and lived a jovial life in Normandy. One morning, as he was riding at the head of his mounted

men-at-arms, in the vicinity of the city of Caen, he approached a small chapel—of the Roman Catholic faith of course—just as its bell rang forth the call to matin prayers. The gay yet devout young prince halted his men, dismounted, and entered the humble sanctuary, where the parish priest, a gaunt, spare man, known as Father Roger, at once recognized him. The priest, recollecting doubtless that soldiers do not like long prayers, and being, perhaps, himself more anxious for favor on earth than in Heaven, despatched the morning service with extraordinary rapidity. "Whereat," says the historian, "they were so well pleased that the Prince said to him, 'Follow my camp,' which he did." Soon afterwards the Prince went to England to join his brother, King William Rufus, and he took the Caen priest as his chaplain. On crossing the channel, every Norman assumed a surname, and the lean chaplain became Roger Poor. The nomenclature of that day was based, as in this case, on personal characteristics or local habitations. The families of Short, Long, Black, White, Brown, Gray and Head, with many others, thus obtained their surnames.

In the year 1100, King William Rufus, while hunting in the New Forest, was accidentally killed by an arrow which was fired at a buck, but which glanced from a tree and pierced the monarch's heart. His younger brother, Prince Henry, who was hunting with him, no sooner witnessed his death than he hastened to London, and seated himself on the throne of England, regardless of the claims of the elder brother, Duke Robert, who was making love in Italy.

Roger Poor thus became his Majesty's chaplain. He kept up his Norman reputation for short prayers,

and soon became such a favorite that the king made him his private secretary, although the historians say—alas! that I must repeat it in this presence—"He was rather illiterate." As a courtier, however, Roger Poor excelled, and he was generally liked, although perhaps not much respected. His faculties expanded with his good fortune, and while exercising his religious duties he supported the royal prerogative with such zeal, and displayed such submission to the royal will that King Henry appointed him Bishop of Sarum.

Bishop Roger Poor was in due time promoted to the office of Chief Justiciar, or Lord High Chancellor, which made him in reality Prime Minister, and during the king's visits to Normandy, sometimes extending over a year, he governed England as regent. Up to this time the crown of England had only descended in the male line, for although Queen Boadicea had ruled over the Britons, no female had ever sat on the Anglo-Saxon throne. Bishop Roger Poor (to please King Henry, who had no legitimate sons, and who desired to leave his crown to his daughter Matilda) laid it down as incontrovertible doctrine "that the crown, like a private inheritance, should descend to the daughter of the person last seized." He was also greatly instrumental in obtaining from the barons of England, as well as those of Normandy, a recognition of the Princess Matilda as the successor to her father in both countries. Under this decree, promulgated by Bishop Poor, Queen Victoria now occupies the English throne, and it was the origin of what are now termed "Woman's Rights."

Morality was at a low ebb in England in those days, as is always the case in a conquered country, where the conquerors give full license to their pas-

sions. Hume tells us that King Henry was the father of "no less than seven illegitimate sons and six illegitimate daughters." The Cardinal De Crema, who came to England as the Legate of Pope Calixtus, found that nearly all the dignitaries then of the Roman Catholic Church were virtually married, and he vainly attempted to have a canon against the marriage of the clergy enforced. Bishop Roger Poor was one of those who lived in defiance of ecclesiastical law, and he had a son, Roger, to whom he was devotedly attached.

To the favor of King Henry, Bishop Roger Poor owed a privilege, eagerly coveted by the turbulent nobility of the times, when the consequence of individuals was estimated by the strength and splendor of their fortified residences. He built a castle at Devizes, which was considered as one of the most sumptuous and stately edifices in England; and a second at Sherborne, little inferior, and he repaired the castle of Sarum, which was entrusted to his custody. He also expended large sums in completing and embellishing the cathedral of Sarum, which had been injured by a storm, soon after its dedication. Indeed some of the old English chroniclers distinguish him by the title of "the great builder of churches and castles."

In addition to Bishop Roger Poor's vast wealth, which flowed from his numerous places and preferments, his great influence enabled him to bring from Normandy several of his relations, and to obtain for them honorable positions. One of his nephews, Alexander, was first made archdeacon of Sarum, next chancellor, and finally, in 1123, Bishop of Lincoln. Another nephew, Nigellus, was appointed a prebend in the church of St. Paul's, and, in 1133, Bishop of Ely.

King Henry, late in life, quarrelled with Bishop Roger Poor, and dismissed him from civil office. For this the bishop revenged himself after the king's death in 1135, by forgetting his sworn allegiance to the Princess Matilda, and aiding in giving the crown to Stephen, Earl of Blois. He defended himself by asserting that circumstances had changed, but that he remained consistent to his principles, and he was rewarded by a restoration to his position as Chief Justiciar. The Bishop of Ely, his nephew, was appointed treasurer of the realm, and his natural son, Roger Poor, was made chancellor.

King Stephen also gave Bishop Roger Poor extensive landed possessions, yielding large revenues, and when asked by an attendant if he was not displaying too much generosity towards his favorite, the monarch replied, "By the Nativity, I would give him half of England if he had asked for it. He shall sooner be tired of asking than I of giving." The Bishop obtained a grant of the burgh of Malmsbury, and displayed his characteristic fondness for building by commencing a stately castle there, like those at Devizes and Sherborne.

Fortune—fickle jade—after a long attendance on Bishop Poor, at last deserted him, and pierced him with scorpion sting.

King Stephen's jealousy was inflamed by the insinuations of some of his courtiers, and he determined to stop the further erection of the castles which were being erected all over England, commencing with that of Bishop Poor, at Malmsbury. Summoning the bishop to a great council at Oxford, he received him with marked respect, but his retinue was involved in a quarrel with the attendants of the Earl of Brittany,

in which one of the latter was killed and another dangerously wounded. This affray was made the pretext for ordering Bishop Poor and his connections to deliver up their castles. They complied, with the exception of Nigellus Poor, Bishop of Ely, who fled to the castle of Devizes, and prepared for resistance.

Enraged at this contumacy, King Stephen marched with a body of troops to Devizes, carrying with him Bishop Poor and his son as prisoners. Bishop Nigellus refusing to surrender, King Stephen ordered a gallows to be erected, and informed Bishop Roger Poor that his son Roger, to whom he was much attached, should be hung unless the castle was surrendered to him. The aged prelate supplicated for mercy, and with difficulty prevailed upon his nephew to open the gates of the castle. The bishop's sacred office protected him from violence, but the treasures which he had accumulated during long years of prosperity were seized by King Stephen, and the old man sank under his troubles, dying in December, 1139—an example of that instability of power and caprice of fortune which Shakespeare has so feelingly described:

> "This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
> And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
> And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
> His greatness is a-ripening, he is nipped,
> And then he falls as I do."

Alexander Poor, Bishop of Lincoln, succeeded his uncle as Lord Chancellor, but died when on a mission to the Pope in 1147. The great seal was then entrusted to Bishop Roger Poor's natural son Roger, who possessed neither the ability nor the pliancy of

his father. Taking part with the barons who held out their castles against the king, he was made prisoner, and refused to take the oath of submission, even when threatened with the penalties of treason. As a singular favor he was allowed to abjure the realm, and he died in exile.

Another nephew of Bishop Roger Poor, Richard Poor, located himself in Gloucestershire, and brought up three sons, Herbert, Richard and Philip. The two first named were educated for the Church, and were advanced by old friends of their great uncle, Bishop Roger.

Herbert Poor was made Archdeacon of Canterbury, and in 1194 was consecrated Bishop of Sarum. In 1196 he appears on the rolls as one of the King's Justices, and in 1199 he attended at the coronation of King John. He had great trouble, however, at Sarum, the soldiers of the garrison not agreeing with the priests at the cathedral. "The Church," said Peter of Blois, a contemporary writer, "is as a captive within the walls of the citadel, like the Ark of God in the profane house of Baal." Aubrey, the quaint and amusing antiquary of Wiltshire County of the last century, thus describes the position of affairs at Sarum:

"The old church in the castle of Old Sarum being seated so high was so obnoxious to the weather that when the wind did blow they could not heare the priest say masse. But this was not the only inconvenience. The soldiers of the castle and the priests could never agree; and one day when they were gone without the castle in procession, the soldiers kept them out all night, or longer. Whereupon the bishop, although much troubled, cheered them up as well as he could, telling them he would study to accommodate them better. In order thereunto he rode several tymes to the Lady Abbesse at Wylton to have bought or exchanged a piece of ground with her ladyship to build a church and homes for the priests. A poor woman at Quidhampton that was spinning in the street, sayd to one of her neighbours,

'I marvell what the matter is that the bishop makes so many visits to my lady; I trow he intends to marry her.' Well, the bishop and her ladyship could not conclude about the land, and the bishop dreamt that the Virgin Mary came to him and told him she would have him build his church at Merrifield, and dedicate it to her. Merrifield was a great meadow where the city of New Sarum now stands and did belong to the bishop, as now the whole city belongs to him."

The Rev. Dr. Pope, who was chaplain to Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, in the reign of Charles II., thus narrated in rhyme the differences between the soldiers and the priests:

Oh, Salisbury people, give ear to my song,
And attention to my new ditty;
For it is in praise of your river Avon,
Of your bishop, your church, and your city.

Old Sarum was built on a dry barren hill,
A great many years ago;
'Twas a Roman town, of strength and renown,
As its stately ruins show.

Therein was a castle for men of arms,
And a cloister for men of the gown;
There were friars and monks, and liars and punks;
Tho' not any whose names are come down.

The soldiers and churchmen did not long agree,
For the surly men, with the hilt on,
Made sport at the gate with the priests that came late
From shriving the nuns of Wilton.

One time as Bishop Poor lay on his down bed,
Recruiting his spirits with rest,
There appear'd, as 'tis said, a beautiful maid,
With her own dear babe at her breast.

To him thus she spoke (the day was scarce broke,
And his eyes yet to slumber did yield):
"Go build me a church, without any delay,
Go build it in merry-field."

He wakes, and he rings; up ran monks and friars,
At the sound of his little bell.
"I must know," said he, "where merry-field is."
But the devil a bit could they tell.

Full early he rose on a morning grey,
To meditate, and to walk,
And by chance overheard a soldier on guard,
As he thus to his comrade did talk:

"I will lay on the side of my good Enghen bow,
That I shoot clean over the corn,
As far as that cow in yon merry-field
Which grazes under the thorn."

Then the bishop cry'd out, "here is merry-field?"
For his mind was still on his vow.
The soldier reply'd, "By the river-side,
Where you see that brindled cow."

Upon this he declared his pious intent,
And about the indulgences ran,
And brought in the people to build a good steeple,
And thus the cathedral began.

The consent of King John was obtained, but the erection of the new cathedral at Salisbury was frustrated by civil troubles, and the confiscation of the Church revenues. Bishop Herbert Poor died in May, 1217.

Bishop Richard Poor, brother of his predecessor, was first Dean of Sarum, consecrated Bishop of Chichester in 1215, and removed to Sarum in 1217. His first care was to have the new cathedral at Salisbury commenced, and the stately Gothic pile soon rose in all its fair proportions. In unity of design and as a specimen of old English ecclesiastical architecture, it is unequalled, and its elegant spire, 406 feet high, the loftiest in England, though added in the reign of Edward III., is in perfect harmony with the rest of the edifice.

Bishop Richard Poor was translated to the see of Durham before the cathedral was completed. "He was," says Godwin, "a man of rare learning in those times, and of notable integrity for his life and conversation."

Matthew Paris says that perceiving the approach of death, he caused the people to be assembled, and from the pulpit addressed them in a pious discourse, desiring them to mark well his exhortations, as he was shortly to be taken from them. The next day he did the same, bidding them farewell, and requesting the prayers and forgiveness of those whom he had offended. The third day he sent for his particular acquaintances; and calling together his family and servants, distributed among them his last benefactions. He then tenderly dismissed each individual, and, having arranged his temporal affairs, betook himself to prayer, in which act of devotion he gave up the ghost, on the 15th of April, 1237.

Salisbury Cathedral contains the monument of Bishop Roger Poor, brought from Sarum, and of Bishop Richard Poor. In the library are manuscript books of the Old and New Testaments, transcribed under the auspices of Bishop Poor, and also his seal.

Salisbury, for six or seven centuries after the erection of the cathedral was a quiet city—the residence of an ecclesiastical establishment, and the market town of an agricultural district—neither very populous or flourishing, nor allowed absolutely to decay—holding its own against time, but no more. Railroads brought new life to the old city, and it is worthy of remark that it now contains, in its museum, a more perfect collection of American relics of the stone age than can be found elsewhere with the exception of, perhaps, the Smithsonian Institution.

Philip Poor of Amesbury, from whom I believe that we are all descended, was the brother of Bishops Herbert and Richard Poor. Amesbury is in a narrow valley, near old Sarum, and is a well cultivated, fertile

agricultural town, bordered with large ranges of pastures, on one of which the "Shepherd of Salisbury plain" watched his flocks. Philip Poor's descendants were landholders, and the pages of English history contain no evidence that they were disposed to take sides in the intestine commotions or struggles for supremacy which so long disturbed that country. Letting others quarrel over the pretensions of rival and selfish factions, with an inveterate animosity, they appear to have been proof against the prevalent contagion, and to have regarded the questions in dispute with a scrupulous eye to right and wrong, rather than to their expediency.

Roger Poor, believed to have been a descendant of Bishop Roger Poor, accompanied Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, on his expedition to Ireland, to reinstate Dermoid MacMurrough, in his kingdom of Leinster. He was knighted as Sir Roger le Poer, and Cambrensis says of him that "he was the youngest, bravest and handsomest of all the Anglo-Norman knights; although he was young and beardless, he showed himself a lusty, valiant and courageous gentleman." He became marshal and standard-bearer of Ireland, and he had a large estate granted to him, on a portion of which the city of Waterford now stands. The family, which afterwards changed its name to Power, has since been prominent in that section of Ireland, and has always been loyal to the crown of England. In 1662, Richard le Poer was created Earl of Tyrone, but the earldom became extinct in 1704 for the want of a male heir. Later, the daughter and heiress of the last earl married Sir Marcus Beresford, who was soon after created earl of Tyrone. In 1786, the king called him to a seat in the British House of

Peers, by the title of Baron Tyrone of Haverford, and on the 19th of August, 1789, he was created Marquis of Waterford. The family name of this title is now De La Poer, and there is a large family connection of Powers, Poers, and Le Poers.

The name of the three bishops, as inscribed upon their tombs in Salisbury Cathedral, was Poor, called Pauper in the old Latin chronicles. Philip Poore, of Amesbury, who died in 1571, aged 71, added a final e to his name, and the Wiltshire Poores have since used it. It is also certain that the first settlers of the name in New England spelled their name with this final e, although in some branches of the different families it was subsequently omitted, to be in some instances restored.

Sir John Methuen Poore was created a baronet in 1795, and as he was a bachelor, provision was made for the inheritance of the title by his brother. But Sir John outlived his brother, and his brother's eldest son, and the baronetcy was inherited by his great-nephew Sir Edward Poore, who courteously entertained my father when he visited England with his family in 1831. Twelve years later I received hospitable attentions from his son, the present Sir Edward Poore, who had meanwhile succeeded to the baronetcy, and who was at that time an officer in her Majesty's Fusileer Guards. I have since had the pleasure of entertaining him at Indian Hill Farm, where I pointed out to him from the top of the hill a number of New England towns bearing the same names as towns visible from an eminence on his estate in old England.

I have thus stated, succinctly, what I have been able to ascertain about the family in England whose name we bear. I hope that the day is not far distant

when we can have a careful examination made of the parish registers in Wiltshire, Hampshire, and Gloucestershire, especially those at Amesbury, Andover, and Bishopstoke.

Let us now turn to this shore of the Atlantic. Mr. Joshua Coffin, and those who accept his statements as law and gospel, have proclaimed that John Poore, who came from Wiltshire, England, in 1635, was "the earliest of his family name who came to America."

In Hakluyt's Voyages, and reprinted in Hazard's State Papers, vol. i., page 39, is a list of the names of those who composed the first English colony which settled in Virginia in June, 1585, and returned in June, 1586. Among them appears the name of "Richard Poore," who was, unquestionably, and by fifty years, "the earliest of his family name who came to America."

I do not propose, however, to trench upon the labors of Mr. Alfred Poore, our diligent and painstaking historian, whose honest intentions to record "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," all who know him must admit, but I will indulge in a few general reflections.

Our ancestors came here from their English birthplace at a most important era in the political and religious history of the world. Humble navigators had called from the deep a new Spain greater than the mother country—a new France wider than the empire of Charlemagne—a new Netherlands of greater commercial importance than the reclaimed marshes of Holland, and a new England, which, coupled with the Virginias was destined to perpetuate the Anglo-Saxon tongue among a people more numer-

ous than those from whom it was derived. Pontiffs established boundaries, and monarchs granted charters, but the genius of free adventure, crossing the ocean, founded a new world. Industrious men, honorable women, valiant soldiers and educated scholars went from their comfortable English homes in an exodus to this "stern and rock-bound coast." Well did Rufus Choate style this great emigration the heroic age of our history, for the men who came with dauntless hearts to find in the new world an asylum where they could feel that they were freemen were indeed heroes. They are entitled to be called heroes, because of their great industry, their extraordinary endurance, and their great faith, all tried by exigencies that only occur at the foundation of new nations and new dynasties, when the great bell of time sounds audibly another hour.

The Poores who first settled in different parts of Newbury, in Rowley and in Andover, were almost without exception yeomen—tillers of a stubborn soil —who aided in establishing the theocracy of the Puritans, with its compulsory support of religious teaching, its town meetings, its local representations in the general courts, its district schools adapted to the educational wants of the districts, and its enforced militia duty. A few years later, and the ruling clergy, men of narrow but vigorous intellects, had to partially yield power to men of heroic deeds and of noble thoughts, inspired with the liberal ideas and free traditions of Cromwell's camps, who had read the noble words written by Milton, and who had listened to the bold eloquence of Hampden and of Sidney.

In King William's War, in Queen Anne's War, in Father Rasle's War, and in the French War, the

name of Poore was honorably borne on many a muster roll, and for three successive generations members of the different branches of our family were engaged in a series of sanguinary but almost forgotten conflicts on the frontier of Canada, the bank of the St. Lawrence, at Louisbourg and in Cuba. When the royal drums were beat for volunteers for his Majesty's service, the Poors of Newbury, of Rowley, of Andover, and of Haverhill were never wanting. Those who remained at home contributed to the wants of the military chest, for under the first charter not a guinea or a man was sent from England to Massachusetts to aid in the heroic defence against the Indians, the French, and the Dutch. The Poores were ever ready for the fray, for they carried out the desire of their fathers for the establishment of a religious community, "beautiful as Thyrza, comely as Jerusalem, and terrible as an army with banners."

The approach of the people of Massachusetts to self-government, followed by the Revolution of '76, was gradual and to many of them it was painful. The committees of delegates from the towns of this county of Essex—which contained no cities then—met at Ipswich on the 6th and 7th of September, and said in its carefully prepared series of resolutions, after a rehearsal of grievances: "At the same time we frankly and with sincerity declare, that we still hold ourselves subjects of his Majesty King George the Third, as such will bear him true allegiance, and are ready with our lives and fortunes to support and defend his person, crown, and dignity, and his constitutional authority over us." Not many months had elapsed before many of these loyal delegates and more of their constituents had taken up arms, deter-

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mined to overthrow the authority of Great Britain, and to take matters into their own hands.

Captain Jonathan Poor, of Newbury, a hero of the French and Indian wars, was early on duty in the Revolutionary struggle. Captain Joseph Poor, another veteran Indian fighter, marched at the head of his company from Byfield to Cambridge, in April, 1775. On the roll of Captain Thomas Poor's Andover company, in Col. Frye's regiment, formed on the 2d of February, 1775, were the names of Abraham Poor, Stephen Poor, Timothy Poor, Jr., Daniel Poor, and Peter Poor, Jr. Captain Thomas Poor, who had in his youth led a company against the French in Canada, was promoted during the Revolutionary War to the rank of colonel, and his brother, Enoch Poor, who had removed to Exeter, commanded one of the New Hampshire regiments at Bunker Hill. Promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General in 1777, General Enoch Poor fought bravely at Saratoga and at Monmouth, and was in command of a picked brigade of light infantry under Lafayette, when he was killed in a duel with another officer in 1780. There was another hero at Bunker Hill who bore our name, because it was that of his master. It was Salem Poor, a negro, who belonged to John Poor, and who served at Bunker Hill in Captain Ames's Company. When the Continentals began to retreat, Lieut.-Col. Abercrombie sprang upon the redoubt, and exclaimed to his advancing men, "The day is ours!" Salem Poor hearing him halted, faced about, took good aim, and the gallant Briton fell, mortally wounded.

In the war of 1812 the family was nobly represented, and in the war for the suppression of the Rebellion of 1861, the Poors were to be found defend-

ing the "stars and stripes," from the first rally in April to the surrender at Appomatox Court House. Many of our kinsmen marched unscathed from victory to victory; others now bear the scars of honorable wounds, and some died that the Republic might live. The largest contribution by any member of our family to the Union Army was made by Mrs. Hannah Poor, a daughter of David Chute of Byfield, who was a sister of Mrs. Jeremiah Colman of Newburyport. In 1816, she emigrated with her husband and their ten children to a section of Government land at the head-waters of White River, in Indiana. They had scarcely completed their log cabin at their new home when Mr. Poor died, very suddenly, leaving his wife a thousand miles from her native town, with no money, little property, and among strangers. In 1867 her descendants were counted up, as ten children, seventy-eight grandchildren, one hundred and twelve great-great grandchildren, and five great-great-great grandchildren. All her male grandchildren over fifteen years of age were in the army, and all but five were three years' men. Nineteen husbands of her granddaughters were soldiers. One grandson fell on the battle-field; one was badly wounded twice, and two others severely wounded; one a cripple for life, and one died in the hospital; one made the march with Sherman to the sea, and many count their battles in large numbers. We are glad to welcome representatives of this heroic branch of our family here to-day.

The example set by Bishops Roger, Alexander, Nigellus, Herbert and Richard Poor has not been frequently followed by members of the family in this country, but a few have become noted divines. Prominent among these was the Rev. Dr. Daniel

Poor, who was born at Danvers, in this county, in 1789, graduated from Dartmouth College in 1811, and from the Andover Theological Seminary in 1814, and sailed from this city of Newburyport on the 23d of October, 1813, in the second company of missionaries sent forth by the American Board, and the first company sent to the Island of Ceylon. Two of his companions did not survive long, another returned to fill a pulpit at home, but Doctor Poor, with one associate, labored among the heathen for thirty-three years, when he came home on a visit. Many present will remember his earnest presentation of the claims of the American Board of Missions for support, and his graphic accounts of his missionary labors. After having devoted two years to this home-service, Dr. Poor returned to Ceylon in 1850, and died there of cholera, a martyr-missionary, on the 3d of February, 1855. His son, following in the footsteps of his father, is prominently identified with missionary work.

The physicians of the family have not been numerous. Pardon me for mentioning one of them, Dr. Daniel Noyes Poor, my beloved grandfather. Born at Indian Hill Farm, on the 16th of July, 1758, he was graduated from Harvard College in 1777, and after studying medicine with Dr. Sawyer of Newbury, he practised in the pleasant town of West Newbury, and died there in 1837. During the closing years of his life he was incapacitated by the total loss of his hearing, caused by his having contracted the yellow fever while attending some sailors who had brought it from the West Indies, but he sought consolation in his books, and bore the infliction like a Christian philosopher. He was a man of marked ability, who constantly, like the good Samaritan, poured the balm

of consolation into many a wounded heart, while he piloted its owner over the rocks and quicksands of disease to the haven of health.

The Poors have not been a sea-faring race, although a few have been mariners, and some of them have become masters of vessels. In the United States Navy, Charles H. Poor, who entered the service as midshipman in 1823, gallantly distinguished himself, and was gradually promoted, until he attained the rank of rear-admiral when he was placed on the retired list in 1869.

There have been a few lawyers in the family, but none have rivalled Roger Poor, Chief Justiciary and Lord Chancellor of England. Indeed, the most noted member of the family at the bar, the Hon. John Alfred Poor, born at Andover, in Maine, in 1808, after having practised successfully at Bangor for fourteen years, devoted himself to the construction of an international railway two hundred and fifty miles in length, connecting Montreal and Portland. This magnificent scheme, which must have seemed impossible to most persons when he projected it, he lived to see accomplished through his own energy and perseverance in less than thirty years. When this great work was completed, he projected and carried out the railroad connection between Portland and New Brunswick, and thus fairly earned the title of "Father of the railway system of Maine." He was equally conspicuous and meritorious as a historical investigator and writer, as an editor and as an orator. His industry is attested by more than fifty printed pamphlets, and his name and memory are interwoven with the history of his cherished native State, where he is held in grateful remembrance. A man of gracious presence and courtly

manners, he was respected, esteemed, and loved during his useful life, and his name has passed the stern ordeal of the grave with imperishable lustre, while his virtues "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

A brother of Mr. John Alfred Poor, whose name, Mr. President, a regard for your modesty prevents my giving here, has become justly conspicuous as the statistician and recorder of Railways, which cover our country with a network of iron, and over which passengers and freight fly to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle, regulating the productive interests of the Republic.

Did time permit, I might allude to members of the family who have won distinction and wealth in different cities of the Union as merchants, acquiring competencies, although none have amassed those large fortunes which almost invariably make their possessers arrogant and selfish, and mere worshippers of the almighty dollar. There have also been manufacturers, whose products have reflected credit upon the maker's name stamped upon them; hotel-keepers, whose guests have always left them pleased with the entertainment they gave and the reasonable charges therefore; and in almost every walk of life, indeed, have the Poors been found. Of the people—working with hand or brain or both for the people—they have obtained the confidence and secured the sympathies of large masses of the people.

Let me, in conclusion, invite you to go back in imagination two hundred years, and visit one of the homesteads of our ancestors in this pleasant country. Riding along a forest path, or "trail," indicated by large notches cut in the trees, we find Goodman Poor's house and cattle-shed standing near an old Indian clearing, encircled by a high palisade, which also in-

cludes the spring, that water may be brought without danger from the Indians. The house is of logs, or a massive frame filled in with brick, with a thatched roof and a huge chimney. The small windows are covered with oiled paper, and the massive door is thick enough to be bullet-proof.

Pulling the "latch-string," we enter and find that the floor and the floor of the loft above which forms the ceiling, are boards split from large pine trees and roughly smoothed with the adze. In the keeping room, as it was called, is an immense fireplace, in one corner of which yawns the mouth of a capacious oven. Two or three high-backed chairs, a massive table with many legs, an oaken chest with a carved front, and a ponderous settle are ranged around the walls, while on a large "dressoir" are wooden bowls, earthen platters, horn drinking-cups, and pewter tankards, porringers, plates and spoons. On the high mantel-shelf, with a cresset lamp on one side and the time marking hour-glass on the other, is the well-thumbed family Bible, while from a peg hangs the year's almanac.

As we enter we hear from an adjoining "lean-to" the whirr of the great spinning-wheel and the clang of the loom, but the latter is silenced when Mrs. Poor leaves it, and advances to welcome her kinsfolks. She was by birth a Bailey, or a Hale, or a Noyes, or a Merrill, or a Titcomb, or a Bartlett, or a member of some other of the Newbury families to which the Poors are indebted for devoted wives, who made good mothers, and to whose religious example, domestic virtues and frugal industry we should all pay grateful tribute.

Mrs. Poor wears, as the ladies will observe, a woollen short-gown, over a quilted woollen petticoat,

short enough to show her blue yarn stockings. Her entire wardrobe, with the exception of her shoes, her horn comb and her gold beads, had been carded and spun by herself or her daughters, woven, dyed, and made up by herself. The fashion of her garments was the same as had been the garments of her grandmother, for neither *Godey's Lady's Book* nor *Harper's Bazar* flourished in those days, yet she is a comely person.

The life of this Puritan mother was a busy one. She and her daughters milked, cooked, washed, mended, carded, spun, wove and knit. The fare provided was frugal but wholesome. What is now termed the "menu" was pease-porridge for breakfast, bread and cheese with beer or cider for luncheon, a "boiled dish," or salt fish, or broiled pork, or baked beans for dinner, hasty pudding and milk for supper; and at every meal, according to the season, apple, or berry, or squash, or pumpkin or meat pies. Swedish turnips were the staple vegetable, the bread was generally made of corn, barley, or rye meal, and if the diet was rather farinaceous than animal, there was less demand for medicine, and a larger, a longer-lived growth of men and women than in these degenerate days.

Let us then, while honoring our Puritan fathers, not forget our Puritan mothers, of whom it has well been said that they came to this wilderness with brave hearts and a Christian faith, that they might share the perils and brighten the hopes of their husbands, and when here they "looked well to the ways of their households, and ate not the bread of idleness."

"*Pauper non in spe!*" is a glorious motto; our pockets may not be full, but we can indulge in high

hopes and in ennobling aspirations. Meeting here as the ancients used to assemble within the temple of Janus, with men and women of all parties and opinions within its closed gates, we can take steps for collecting the history of our family, we can become better acquainted with each other, and we can enjoy this first gathering of the clan.

"Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled,
Like a vase in which roses have once been distilled.
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will linger there still."

POEM.

By Agnes Blake Poor,

Of the Daniel Poor Family.

I.

Here, where to-day their children stand,
Our fathers landed from the sea;
Here first they touched the wished-for strand,
That held the hope of liberty!

Here oft their lingering gaze turned back,
Where, on the restless ocean foam
Still memory traced the viewless track
That led them from their vanished home.

On this fair river's shifting breast
In peace their weary sails were furled,
Where through the wild and wandering west
Opened the pathway to a world.

II.

As broad and bright the watery way
Rolls past us to the sea to-day,
How like a half forgotten dream
The tortuous winding of the stream,
From where a hundred nameless rills
First fed its source among the hills;
Where pebbles turned its wavering track
Or threw the heaping ripples back.
Yet on and on a mightier force
Impelled it to its destined course,
By grassy bank, through mossy glen,
Through forest glades, by homes of men,

Still on and on the current sped,
Each day's course like the last that fled.
Now, when its long probation past
It rushes to its aim at last,
Struggling to win the wished-for goal,
To merge its being in the whole;
When panting o'er the fretted harbor-bar,
It feels the tide of ocean swell afar—
Eternal order in eternal war:
Might it not long, however vain
The half-formed wish, to turn again,
And seek once more the lone retreat,
So narrow, yet so calm, so sweet,
Where first its infant waters rose,
And hardly stirred the deep repose,
And of the law they must obey,
Scarce felt the ever present sway.

III.

In deeper, darker springs began
The stream of earthly life for man;
And narrow were the devious ways
It wrought in half-forgotten days;
And when it rises to our sight
From shadows of dispersing night,
And we can trace on history's page
Its varying fortunes age by age,—
The battle's ceaseless ebb and flow,
The ceaseless strife of high and low,
The conqueror of many a land,
  Building the palace for his sway
From ruins in the shifting sand,
  The palaces of yesterday;
Howe'er the endless record reads,
  Still passed the daily life of man,
In all that touched his daily needs,
  The same as when the tale began.

IV.

Whose rudder first subdued the seas?
Whose sail first caught the wandering breeze?
Who taught the steed the curb to feel?
Who shaped the circling chariot wheel?

Who first the silken fibres drew?
Who first the whirring shuttle threw?
Not one of them can even claim
The empty honor of a name.
Yet mighty was each nameless shade,
The fortunes of the race that made,
Unmatched their deeds the ages through;
No higher skill our grandsires knew.
  Like giants in enchanted sleep,
Untouched, undreamed of, though so near,
  Did nature's hidden forces keep
Their long repose from year to year;
Until at last the magic word
Was spoken, and all nature heard.
Our grandsires trod the unvarying way
  A million generations ran;
We woke to greet the dawn of day
  When a new heaven and earth began!

V.

On wings of flame around the world
The daily traveller is hurled.
On wings of light the message brought
Outstrips the tardy pace of thought.
Forever prints the sunbeam's power
The fleeting vision of an hour.
Caught by the lightning-flash's spell
The passing words of moments dwell.
Each hour some new wonder told
Makes the last hour's wonder old.
No task too hard, no hope too high,
For man's aspiring soul to try.
With knowledge dawns the clearer day;
The bigot's rage, the tyrant's sway,
Have vanished with the ancient time;
The present thrills with hope sublime
That reason's triumphs shall increase
Till freedom blossom into peace.

VI.

Yet now, the course of centuries done,
The long-sought goal of ages won;
As in the enchanted hall we stand,
The magic keys within our hand,
Burning to seize the treasures yet unknown,
Shrinking from those that we have made our own;

Breathless with wonder at our own success;
Doubting the spark from heaven to curse or bless;
How often turn we to the ancient days
In which our fathers trod their simple ways,
And long, even though we know the longing vain,
To live the race's childhood o'er again.

VII.

As bright the future's page unrolled,
As dear the record of the old.
Each ray the rising sun can cast
Deepens the shadow of the past.
For this, to meet as friends to-day,
Our feet have trod each varying way.
Though brief the moment ere we part,
Yet hand meets hand and heart meets heart.
One common tie of kindred blends
The strangers of an hour as friends.
Should any scorn as empty claim
The link of common blood and name,
And deem the fond and lingering gaze,
That dwells on scenes of early days,
As wandering fancy's idle glance,
The sport of undirected chance?
No! in such germs we trace the power
That flowing out in action free,
Shall blossom in the perfect flower,
The pride of law and liberty.
If one thought links our little band,
One feeling blends us as a whole,
That thought has nerved the patriot's hand,
That feeling thrilled the poet's soul!
And never may the spell grow faint
Our grandsires' living touch has thrown
O'er every relic, old and quaint,
That long ago they called their own:
The clock, whose hand without a pause
The circle of their lives has spanned;
The weapon that in freedom's cause,
Or Indian strife has felt their hand;
The lofty stand where night by night
Has burned their taper's feeble light:
The ancient 'broidery's heavy fold
In faded silks and tarnished gold.

And is there one among us here
To whom such memories are most dear,
Whose generous soul delights to show
What to his watchful care we owe?
Let all with one accord combine
To hail him chieftain of the line!
Be his the highest seat in hall
On this our day of festival.
Nor less our gratitude be due
To him whose persevering toil
Has sought the busy hours through
In mouldering archives dim and quaint,
Or Bible-records worn and faint,
To save for us the precious spoil—
The story of those lives long past
In which our present lay enfolded,
By which unseen though still forecast,
Our children's future must be moulded—
Forever be their memory dear,
Our sires of newer England here!

VIII.

In common duty's daily round,
Their virtues walked a narrow bound.
To wider vision we aspire
And on their simple griefs and joys
Look half to pity, half admire
As world-worn men might look on boys.
Yet vain the knowledge of the sage
In whom the child-like heart is cold,
And vain the glories of our age,
If lost the virtues of the old.
Perhaps to all among us here
Some well-loved kinsman may be known
Who blends the faith their age held dear
With all the freedom of our own.
Who keeps untouched his honest life
By greed of gain, or passion's strife.
Humble in soul, in manhood great,
Who seeks to serve, not rule the state,
Does well whate'er his hand may do,
Whose act is prompt, whose word is true,
Who walks among his fellows, free

Alike from envy or from pride,
With open hand in charity,
But firm on truth's or justice' side.
If such our honored name still grace,
How safe the future of our race!
We need not boast, beyond the seas
Our Norman blood or ancient line,—
The present needs not such as these
To make the future half divine.
The chieftain trained in warlike feats,
The statesman versed in long deceits,
Not these our country's thanks have blest,
Not these on whom her hopes shall rest.
The soul that meets to overcome
Temptations of the humblest kind,
That wisely rules and guards a home,
Shall strength for world-wide struggles find;
True to itself in small or great,
In war—in peace—shall save the state.
Such rulers have our nation blest,—
Alike our first—our last—our best.

IX.

If hopes or prayers of ours avail,
Such be the heroes of our name,
Whether unknown their humble tale
Or written on the rolls of fame.
And be their daughters—sisters—wives—
The worthy partners of such lives.
Unasked, unwished by them the right
To throw their higher mission down,
And lose in an unequal fight
A woman's consecrated crown.
The crown that stamps her, rich or poor,
A queen within her household door!
Queen of the kingdom that shall be,
Priestess of heavenly destiny.
For through the perfect type of home
Shall the eternal kingdom come.
That kingdom it is ours to make,
That perfect type 'tis ours to build,
God's love alike to give and take
Until his purpose is fulfilled,
And the new dawn of radiant day
Finds not an outcast left astray.

X.

May such a home, or near or far,
Beam on us as our guiding star!
For this our absent hearts shall burn,
To this our wandering footsteps turn.
May it be dearer and more dear
That we have met together here;
For though the meeting hour was glad,
Yet cannot be the parting sad.
From home we came, to home we go,
The journey and the end we know.
  Such be our earthly pilgrimage
From where the light of morning smiled
On baby faces undefiled
  To where the evening gilds the brow of age,
And where our weary feet at last are come
Within a step of our eternal home!

DINNER.

AFTERNOON.

DIVINE BLESSING, INVOKED BY THE REV. THOMAS TREADWELL STONE, D.D., OF BOSTON, MASS.

Oh, God, our Heavenly Father; gathered as we are on this occasion, and amidst these festivities, we would acknowledge Thine infinite goodness and look for Thy blessing; we would thank Thee for the memory of the fathers—for those who have gone before us, and for the fruit they have left for us—a memory which is dear and consecrated. We pray that we who are living would turn from that which is fleeting, and turn with earnestness of aspiration to that which is true, holy, divine. Grant that we may so live as to leave influences which shall improve those that shall come after us. Grant to us to enter into that great family of which Christ is the first-born among many brethren. Now to the King, eternal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory, forever. Amen.

Family Motto Song.

By Mary Merrill Poor, of the Daniel Poor Family.

Tune—*Auld Lang Syne.*

1 Three men once stood where now we stand,
On this New England shore;
Self-exiled to a stranger land,—
Three men—and they were Poor!

Chorus.—Three men, and they were Poor, my friends;
Three men, and they were Poor;
Self-exiled to a stranger land,—
Three men, and they were Poor!

2 Yes, Poor in name, and poor in gold;
Yet o'er them floated free
A banner on whose ample fold
Was "Pauper non in Spe!"

Chorus.—'Twas "Pauper non in Spe," my friends;
'Twas "Pauper non in Spe;"
A banner on whose ample fold
Was "Pauper non in Spe."

3 That motto hewed the forest down,
And tamed the river's pride;
Alike built up the busy town
And ploughed the mountain-side.

Chorus.—'Twas "Pauper non in Spe," my friends, etc.

4 So powerful that motto old
That few of us but deem
The story of privations told
The fancy of a dream!

Chorus.—'Twas "Pauper non in Spe," my friends, etc.

5 Yet, as upon this ground we stand,
Of one thing we are sure—
That spite of motto, gold or land,
We all of us are POOR!

Chorus.—We all of us are Poor, my friends,
We all of us are Poor;
In spite of motto, gold or land,
We all of us are POOR!

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO SUBMIT A PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.

The Committee appointed to submit a plan of organization for the family beg leave to report that:

I.

MEMBERSHIP.

All descendants from our common ancestry, with the husbands or wives of such descendants, may become members of our family organization by entering their names and residence in the register kept for that purpose, or by causing such entry to be made by the Secretary.

II.

OFFICERS.

There shall be an Executive Committee of two from each of the three branches of the family, chosen at each meeting to serve until their successors are

elected. The Committee shall choose from their number a Chairman, who shall preside at the family meetings, and a Secretary, who shall keep a record of the proceedings and of the doings of the Committee, and a Treasurer.

III.

MEETINGS.

The Executive Committee shall fix the time and place of meeting, arrange the order of exercises thereat, and cause the Secretary to give notice by mail of intended meetings to all registered members of the organization.

GEO. H. POOR,
JOHN O. POOR,
ALFRED POORE. } Committee on Organization.

The following members of the family were appointed as said Committee:—

George H. Poor, Andover, Mass.
Henry V. Poor, Brookline, Mass.
Ben: Perley Poore, West Newbury, Mass.
Nathaniel C. Poor, Boston, Mass.
John M. Poor, Haverhill, Mass.
Franklin N. Poor, Somerville, Mass.

EXTEMPORANEOUS REMARKS MADE AT THE DINNER.

Remarks by the Rev. Daniel W. Poor, D.D., of Philadelphia.

Mr. President: I think that the thanks of this company are due, first of all, to the orator of the day for the manner in which he has dug our family potatoes. He has had to go pretty deep for them; he found some of them rather speckled, but, on the whole, I think we may say we are not ashamed of the stock from which we grew. It explains one thing in my history which I have never been able to get hold of before. Wherever I have been, and not been known, I have been taken for a Catholic priest. I have been approached by—I don't know how many times as such. Now I have got the explanation. It seems that I was descended from a Catholic priest; it is the law of heredity, I see. Years and generations have not sufficed to get the taint out of the blood, but I hope my descendants will get it out altogether. I suppose some of you would like to know who I am. I was born of poor but pious parents in Ceylon, a place where

> "Every prospect pleases,
> But only man is vile."

I hope I am an exception, but of that I leave you to judge. A very curious Chicagoan once asked me how I happened to be born in Ceylon. Well, I told him my mother happened to be there on that very

interesting occasion, and I was born. I could give no other account of it. My mother was a Bullfinch —you know that is a very migratory bird. She started from Newburyport and in her wanderings reached that Island. My having been born in Ceylon has caused me a great deal of embarrassment. A gentleman in the car once asked me in what State I was born. I told him I was not born in any State; and when I told him where I was born he was confounded at that. Once I was at a place where there was a little gathering at the hotel. It was the time of Price's last raid and feeling ran high. One of the loafers asked me, "What are you? We couldn't tell what you were, and we've got a bet on you." "What did you bet?" "Well, I bet you was a German; he bet you was an Englishman. Now they have appointed a committee to wait on you and find out where you were born, and I am the committee." "Well," I told him, "I never could quite decide what I was myself. If the place where I was born decided, I was a Hindoo; if the government under which I was born decides, I am an Englishman; if blood tells, then I am a pure-blooded Yankee." "Why, then, you ain't anything, and we've all lost," he said, dumbfounded. Think of that! Not to be anything!

Then another misfortune—my name is *Poor!* I have been the subject of puns from my childhood down. My preaching was always called *poor* preaching. I have offered to make any one my residuary legatee provided he could get off a new, original pun, but none have succeeded. The attempts have been innumerable, but have all turned out to be some variation of the old idea. Dr. Drake, however, asked me, "Doctor, are you a poor doctor or a

Doctor Poor?" I told him I didn't know; I thought I was a kind of double-ender, a little of both. Well, this way I have been troubled all my life; so when I came here I thought I would make the motion that we return to the original spelling—Poer; but our orator has told us that that spells *Poor*, too, so I think I shall not make that motion. My son has added the *e*, but I do not see that that makes much difference. There is one thing about it. As I look through the Bible I find a great many blessings pronounced on the *poor*, and none specifically on the rich. Now as we belong to the Poor tribe we can claim blessings by virtue of our name, if not by virtue of our spirit. Certainly as I look around I see that God's blessings have been numerous to us. I do not know that I have ever seen such a good looking congregation in any church I have ever preached in as I find here, coming out of the various poor-houses of the country. There is one trait which I have noticed in the members of the Poor family wherever I have encountered them—a streak of fun or wit. When a person claims to be a Poor I try him on that; if he has not a streak of fun in him I know he doesn't belong to our family. Another peculiarity of the family is a streak of *fat*, and I think our orator to-day was justly entitled to the oration because he so conspicuously represents that trait.

I rejoice in these awakening indications of family feeling running all through the country. We are a great country and our families are getting broken up and scattered. I was going across the Sierra Nevada a short time ago and there I saw a sign—William Poor. I thought, What, are the Poors way out here? Then I found he was a distiller and kept a still. I

was so sorry for that I thought I would keep still and not say anything about family connections. My father was great on insisting in our tracing out the promises of God as they run right through the families of the earth. Now it is good to preserve the stock and the genealogy. By and by we shall be gathering up our general conclusions, seeing not only how every blow tells, but how the promises of God tell down through the generations. I shall be very glad to watch the family tree. I am sorry that I am about the only Poor minister now living. If any of you have any bright, smart sons I wish you would consecrate them to the ministry, for when I die there will be no member of the family name left in my profession. Don't give a weak, dull boy to this work. Let him be real bright; then consecrate him on your knees to the service of the Master. I have had a very pleasant ministry, and though I have had my trials here I can testify that if you are ministers each day of your ministry you will have as pleasant a life as man can have here. Therefore I hope that when I die you will not let the *Poor* name die out of the ministry.

Remarks by the Rev. Thomas T. Stone, D.D., of Boston, Mass.

My Friends: I have not the happiness of being able to say that I can trace my descent through the Poor blood throughout, but I can say that you have bestowed upon me a boon which it is greater than my power to describe. My children have in them the blood of the Poors, and I cannot tell you what those who are able can say of the worth of their mother. I have been introduced as a minister. It is now nearly

sixty years since I first attempted to preach. I hardly dare to say that it is preaching now, for when I look back to the past and remember what has gone I can scarcely claim to have done such a thing as preach, in the high, emphatic sense of the word—to proclaim the glad tidings of God, the universal Father, and of Jesus his Son, the Saviour of the world, the power and the love of the Spirit through which we are quickened to hope which reaches beyond this present scene of things, onward into a greater future. The tie which first bound me to the Poors has, indeed, within the last year, to external view, been dissolved. I trust it is not a final dissolution, but it is a tie which must endear to me the whole line. With the remembrance of fifty, or more than fifty years, of the happiest married life, I am left alone to bless you, my friends, that such a fruit has grown out of the flower transplanted from Normandy to England, and from thence to these Atlantic shores and to these banks of the Merrimac. I would not detain you, and it is hardly the time to give exhortations; yet it is so much my custom to be giving exhortations that I can scarcely forbear to give the exhortation that we, by looking at the past and future, consecrate ourselves with new earnestness to high and holy attainment, seeking in proportion to the power which we possess to fulfil the word of Jesus, our Saviour: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

Remarks of Mr. John R. Poor, of Somerville, Mass.

Mr. President: I do not know why I should be called upon. I certainly am not a public speaker, but

I think in a family gathering every one should be able to say something. There is no reason why any one should be bashful in a family gathering, where all are related. For one, I am happy to be here; I am proud of this gathering. It is only a wonder to me that it has not been thought of long sooner, but still it is never too late to do well. I think from what we have learned to-day we may all be proud of our ancestors. Some one has remarked that they were a fine-looking people. Certainly, the stock was of the best. I do not know what I can say in addition to what has been said, but I wish to express my gratification at being present at this meeting. I came a long distance to attend it. I wish others had taken a little more interest; if they had, this house would not have contained them. I think we ought to be proud that our ancestors have always done well what they have undertaken to do, whether it be on the railroad or on the flag-ship—that whatever it may have been, it has always been done well. I think we may be stimulated and profited by the examples which have been set us; that we shall endeavor ourselves to improve upon the past, and that when we pass away it will be said of us that the world has been better that we have lived.

Remarks of John McCurdy Poor, of Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. President: About fifty years ago, a preacher, preaching in the west, though very ignorant, collected a little congregation in a curious red school-house. One Sunday morning when he was preaching very earnestly to them a wayfaring man came along—a

countryman who had never heard a sermon in his life. Attracted, if not by the eloquence, at least by the earnestness of the preacher, he went in. The preacher was dwelling on the parable of the sheep and the goats. He said, "You, the good people, are the sheep; and where are the goats?" The countryman, excited by the enthusiasm of the speaker, exclaimed, "I will take the part of one of the goats for awhile, just to see the play go on." I had an excellent speech in my pocket, but the orator of the day has stolen all my thunder, so that I have nothing to say. I don't believe the people want to hear it. There are a few little matters I might speak of, of interest connected with our family. One is the patriotism of the family. I glory that I have descended from a line of illustrious patriots. My great-grandfather, Deacon Joseph Poor, was in the French and Indian war; my grandfather was in the Revolutionary war; my father was in the war of 1812. Several of his sons were in the war of the rebellion. That is sufficient proof that we are a line of patriots. Another thing is, we are a long-lived race. I have an uncle living to-day in his ninety-fifth year. He was the son of a revolutionary patriot, and his two sons are to-day present, within the hearing of my voice. Another circumstance is, that one of our name has married a direct descendant of John Rogers. When I was a boy I used to look into a little primer and see John Rogers tied to a stake, with the wood piled around him, and the flames gathering about him. This member of the family has married a lineal descendant in the ninth generation of John Rogers. In conclusion, let me say that I hope this will be only the beginning of other meetings.

Remarks of Captain Amos Poore, of West Newbury.

Mr. President: I should be very happy to address this gathering if I could, but I never have been in the habit of making any speeches in my life, and I think I am too far advanced to begin now. I am glad to be with you to-day.

Remarks of Albert Poor, of Andover.

Mr. President: There are two or three reasons why I should not say anything. In the first place, there is the conspicuous poverty of my remarks this morning. In the second place, being immediately after dinner, I am like the rest—too full. Mr. President, we have heard a great deal of the grandeur of our family on the other side of the water. If I should begin now and spin out an easy tale, and my descendants should take up the story, I fear that they would fail to exhaust all the good that can be said. This is a day when we have met together to talk over our family—a family that has been over the water since 1640. A little girl represents the family of Daniel Poor in the eighth generation. I am of the seventh generation from American stock—only a stone's throw. Though we have no great statesmen in our family, we are a mighty people in our influence. There is something in the single fact that the family has existed over eight generations. I say that in that single fact there is a great deal that is encouraging—a great deal that ought to make us feel proud of this family, as we see it represented here to-day. It speaks of something

more than physical strength; it speaks of moral strength. For that reason I rejoice in it. I certainly agree with Daniel Webster, that it is very profitable to recur once in a while to our ancestors, no matter whether they were distinguished or whether they were not. So I think the Poors can go back to their ancestors with pride. We can afford to forget our usual principle of valuing a man for what he has done. We can let that principle be obscured for a single moment to consider our family as it has existed in the past. It speaks of strength, physical and moral. That is why I rejoice. I really know of no reason why I should say more to you; this is a day of short speeches.

Remarks of Mr. Jewett, of Rowley.

Mr. President: I am not accustomed to speak in public at all, sir, but as I represent my wife, and as she is a descendant of the seventh generation, and as there seems to be no one here to say a word in behalf of that old homestead, it falls to me to make a few remarks. But, Mr. Chairman, the old lady who sits here, eighty years old next month—she came this morning to this gathering; she is hale and hearty—she is one of the six or seven who were born there. I married her daughter; that is a connection between the Jewetts and the Poors. I am sorry there is no one to represent the old homestead, but I am well acquainted with Mr. Samuel Poor, who died a few years ago, that related many anecdotes of that old place. His sister was my wife's mother, and I therefore feel somewhat connected with the family. I feel somewhat embarrassed. The history of the family is a great field to open, and I do not know what part to

take, but I will be as brief as I can. There was no man stood higher in the town of Newburyport than Samuel Poor. He lived and died there, an honest, upright man, though he was connected with no church. I say this with all respect to the world of religious sentiment—perhaps I have not much of it myself. Before ever there was a bridge across the Parker River, or even a ferry established, the Poor family went to Rowley. Mr. Bradford, minister of that town, and one of the ablest divines in the State of Massachusetts—they were so devotional they thought everything of Mr. Bradford. Well, now, gentlemen, to wind up, I want to tell a little anecdote. I have been informed that it was in honor of Mr. Bradford. They were true worshippers of God, but they loved Mr. Bradford. The little anecdote I wish to relate, Mr. Samuel Poor, my uncle, used to tell how much they thought of Bradford. Mr. Bradford was stopping once at my grandfather's house. When he was about to leave my grandmother slipped a cheese into one end of his saddle-bag. When he mounted the horse, he hitched about and seemed to be very uneasy. "Some trouble here," he says, "some trouble; there is something the matter with the saddle-bag." My mother said, "Wait, Mr. Bradford," and she brought out another cheese and slipped it in the other end, and Mr. Bradford rode home finely. The old homestead has never gone out of the family. The house was built in 1642.

DOXOLOGY.

1. From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Benediction, by the Rev. Thomas T. Stone, D.D.

The following resolution, offered by the Rev. Daniel W. Poor, D.D., was unanimously passed:

Resolved, that the special thanks of this gathering are hereby tendered to the orator of the day, the authors of the poem and song, and the members of the executive committee.

List of members of the family, and of those connected with it by marriage, registering their names at the gathering at Newburyport, Sept. 14th, 1881.

Alfred Poore, Salem, Mass.
Boardman Poor, Jr., Amesbury, Mass.
John Dole, Bangor, Maine.
Luther Dole, Limerick, Maine.
Oren B. Poor, Fremont, N. H.
Charles D. Poore, Raymond, N. H.
Boardman Poor, Fremont, N. H.
Amos Poor, West Newbury, Mass.
Sally Poor, " " "
Daniel J. Poore, Merrimac, Mass.
Hattie D. Poore, " "
Mary A. (Poor) Stinson, Goffstown, N. H.
Thomas T. Stone, Jr., Danvers, Mass.
John Merrill Poore, Scranton, Penn.
Lydia M. (Poore) Dickson, Scranton, Penn.
Jonathan Poor, Andover, Mass.
C. M. Poor, Andover, Mass.
Mrs. H. W. Clough, Greenland, N. H.
Mrs. S. M. Adams, " "
Mrs. H. Frank Lord, Eldred, Penn.
Benjamin L. Poor, Ipswich, Mass.
R. C. Stickney, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. John Q. Peabody, Ipswich, Mass.
Geo. H. Poor, Andover, Mass.
Sarah H., wife of Geo. H., Andover, Mass.
Wm. Poor, Andover, Mass.
Hannah G. Poor, Andover, Mass.
Chas. E. Poor, Lowell, Mass.
Albert Poor, North Andover, Mass.
Mrs. Jas. Poor, " "
Miss Sara Poor, " "
Will C. Morse, Medford, Mass.
Mrs. Will C Morse, " "
N. C. Poor, Boston, Mass.
Moses H. Poor, West Newbury, Mass.
Gilman Poor, Revere, Mass.
Mary A. Poor, " "
Bennie P. Poor, " "
Dean R. Stanwood, West Newbury, Mass.
Martha A. Stanwood, West Newbury, Mass.
Martha T. Pearson, Byfield, Mass.
Edna P. Merrill.
Mrs. Sarah A. McCall, Portsmouth, O.
Louis D. McCall, " "
Miss Amelia Merrell, Cincinnati, O.
Mary L. Stanwood, West Newbury, Mass.
Marietta Poor, West Newbury, Mass.
Hannah M. Titcomb, West Newbury, Mass.
Silas M. Titcomb, West Newbury, Mass.
Mrs. Hannah M. Titcomb, West Newbury, Mass.
Benjamin Poor (86 years), Raymond, N. H.
Melinda K. Poor, Raymond, N. H.
Isaac Poor, West Newbury, Mass.
Mary W. Poor, West Newbury, Mass.
Betsey H. Ayer, Hampstead, N. H.
William Ayer, " "
Emma C. Ayer, " "
Samuel Poor, Methuen, Mass.

Mrs. Eliza G. Poore, Lowell, Mass.
James V. Poor, Portland, Me.
George W. Poore, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. S. C. Tenney, Charlestown, Mass.
David N. Poor, Portland, Me.
Mrs. H. P. Poor, " "
Albert G. Remmonds, Beverly, Mass.
Mrs. H. G. Butler, Salem, Mass.
Miss A. Kimball, " "
Eben. P. Stanwood, West Newbury, Mass.
Ben: Perley Poore, West Newbury, Mass.
M. L. Poore, West Newbury, Mass.
Ellen J. Poore, " "
Edwin H. Eaton, Amesbury, Mass.
Mrs. Maria Poor Seaverns, Lawrence, Mass.
Mrs. Mary W. Burgess, Lowell, Mass.
Elizabeth A. Wright, " "
Ella J. Wright, Lowell, Mass.
Stephen Poor Bray, Newburyport, Mass.
Elizabeth W. Bray, Newburyport, Mass.
Fanny Goodridge Bray, Newburyport, Mass.
Eric Poor Thompson, Georgetown, Mass.
Mary J. Thompson, Georgetown, Mass.
Mary S. Dole, Concord, N. H.
Samuel T. Poor, Georgetown, Mass.
John M. Poor, West Newbury, Mass.
Mary A. Poor, West Newbury, Mass.
Sam'l Poor, Manchester, N. H.
A. Augusta Poor, " "
Henrietta Newman, Newbury, Mass.
Mrs. J. H. Stanley, Newburyport, Mass.
Mrs. Oliver O. Jones, Newburyport, Mass.
Daniel W. Poor, Phila., Pa.
Mary O. Jacobs, Peabody, Mass.
Mrs. John Osborne, " "
Sarah A. Poor, Newburyport, Mass.
Mrs. Harriet Huse, " "
Olive Augusta Snell, Holbrook, Mass.
Daniel N. Poor and wife, Bradford, Mass.
Charles Henry Poor, " "
Mary H. Poor, " "
S. Kate Jenkins, " "
Louise W. Poor, " "
Ida F. Pearsons, " "
Lizzie S. Atkinson, Newburyport, "
Carrie A. Peabody, Bradford, "
Sarah W. Emerson, Haverhill, "
Mrs. B. Pettengill, " "
John Poor Morse, Chelsea, "
Bertha Jane Morse, " "
John Robinson Poor, Boston, "
John Augustus Poor, " "
Harriet Proctor Poor " "
John Robinson Poor, 2d " "
Ariel Low Poor, " "
Edward Waldron Poor, " "
Alice Adeline Poor, " "
John Poor Titcomb, West Newbury, Mass.
Geo. Poor, Charlestown, Mass.
Mrs. Clara Plummer, East Somerville, Mass.
Mrs. Mary A. Piper, Rowley, Mass.
Miss Lizzie Poor, Goffstown, N. H.
Miss Julia S. Webster, Haverhill, Mass.
Luke Poor, Haverhill, Mass.
John McCurdy Poor, Haverhill, Mass.
Gilman Perley and wife, Georgetown, Mass.
James W. Poor, Charlestown, Mass.
Mrs. Jas. C. Poor, " "
Mrs. Maria L. Ramsay, " "
Mrs. Abbie R. Poor, " "
Miss Effie L. Poor, " "
Phineas Haynes, Haverhill, "
Mrs. A. F. Haynes, " "
T. G. Ordway, West Newbury, "
Mrs. T. G. Ordway, " "
Charles H. Poor, Haverhill, "
Frank J. Poor, " "
John L. Poor, Raymond, N. H.
Asa R. Poor, " "
Mrs. D. W. Osgood, Raymond, N. H.
Mrs. Sarah E. Poor, Haverhill, Mass.

Mary V. Poor, Manchester, N. H.
Samuel Poor, Jr., Somerville, Mass.
Jrad Poor, Amoskeag, N. H.
Alfred Poore, Goffstown, N. H.
Mary L., w. of Alfred Poore, Goffstown, N. H.
Linnie M., d. of Alfred Poore, Goffstown, N. H.
W. C. Richardson, Manchester, N. H.
Emma A. Richardson, " "
Sarah E. Stinson, Dunbarton, N. H.
John A. Dunlap, Manchester, N. H.
Mrs. Mary E. Dunlap, " "
Mrs. G. H. Plumer, Newbury, Mass.
Mrs. A. C. Pearson, Newburyport, Mass.
Erastus Dole, Campton, N. H.
Moses C. Dole, " "
Hannah Dole, Limerick, Me.
Chas. Baxter Poor, New York City.
Charles Augustus Pook, Natick, Mass.
James Ridgway Poor, Boston, Mass.
Carrie Augusta Poor, " "
Alice Florence Poor, " "
Mrs. Geo. W. Clark, Newburyport, Mass.
Lizzie A. Clark, Newburyport, Mass.
Elbridge Poor, Andover, Maine.
Franklin N. Poor, Somerville, Mass.
Mrs. Ellen E. Poor, " "
Miss Nancie M. Poor, " "
Miss Mary N. Poor, " "
Chas. H. Harrington, Jr., Woburn, Mass.
E. J. Harrington, Woburn, Mass.
S. K. Poore, Boston, Mass.
A. M. Poore, " "
R. E. Poore, " "
Harrison Hubbard Poore, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Harrison Hubbard Poore, Boston, Mass.
Chas. D. Poore, Malden, Mass.
Mrs. George Poor, Charlestown, Mass.
Lina Selden Poor, " "
Georgietta Poor, " "
Mark Jewett, Rowley, Mass.
Mrs. Mark Jewett, Rowley, Mass.
Mrs. Judith Currier, Raymond, N. H.
J. T. Poor, Atkinson, N. H.
Mrs. J. M. Nesmith, Atkinson, N. H.
Ira N. Poor, Haverhill, Mass.
Louisa E. Poor, " "
George B. Poore, Bradford, Mass.
A. M. Poor, West Newbury, "
Marcus L. Emerson, Haverhill, Mass.
Geo. E. Emerson, Haverhill, Mass.
Charles Merrill, Methuen, "
Mrs. Charles Merrill, " "
Amos B. Poore, Haverhill, "
Mrs. Lydia J. Poore, " "
Emma I. Poore, " "
Frank W. Poore, " "
Florence J. Webster, " "
Abbie C. Pearson, Newbury, "
Lyman W. Floyd, " "
Henry E. Pearson, " "
Geo. A. Lunt, Rowley, "
Mrs. Laura A. Lunt, Rowley, "
Mrs. Ruth A. Ruddock, West Newbury, Mass.
Prescott Poor, Georgetown, Mass.
Mrs. Prescott Poor, " "
B. M. Cunningham, Boston, "
Caroline M. Cunningham, Boston, Mass.
Sarah Poor.
Benning N. Poor, Franklin, N. H.
J. P. Scolley, Lawrence, Mass.
Mrs. Ann P. Lander, Newburyport, Mass.
Emma M. Lander, Newburyport, Mass.
Asa Poore, Thetford, Vt.
Nancy Jane Meserve, Haverhill, Mass.
M. E. Parker, Plattsburg, N. Y.
L. Poor, Atkinson, N. H.
Mrs. L. S. Clarke, granddaughter of T. W. Poor.
B. F. Poor, Newburyport, Mass.
Mrs. Alva W. Poor, Newburyport, Mass.
Miss Anna W. Poor, Newburyport, Mass.
Master Ben: Perley Poor, Newburyport, Mass.

Oscar A. Jewett, Rowley, Mass.
Florence G. Jewett, " "
Mrs. Ruth Belknap, Exeter, N. H.
Wm. H. Belknap, " "
John S. Rowell, " "
Mrs. J. S. Rowell, " "
Edward E. Rowell, " "
Richard D. Poor, Galion, Ohio.
Amelia A. Poor, " "
Clara C. Poor, " "
Edward Poor, Charlestown, Mass.
Mrs. Edith (Parker) Poor, Charlestown, Mass.
Frederick Moore, Newburyport, Mass.
Anna P. Moore, " "
Mrs. Edmund Hills (Judith N. Poore), West Newbury, Mass.
Harriet Noyes Hills, West Newbury, Mass.
Joseph Poor, Peabody, Mass.
Silvanus Poor, Andover, Me.
H. H. Moore, West Newbury, Mass.
E. S. Poore, " "
M. S. Poor, Haverhill, Mass.
L. Emerson, " "
Clara F. Webster, Haverhill, Mass.
Samuel S. Noyes, " "
William C. Poor, Springfield, Mass.
Mary Poor Fox, Dorchester, Mass.
Mary Poor Talbot, Andover, Me.
Thomas T. Stone, Bolton, Mass. (80 years old).
Henry V. Poor, Brookline, Mass.
Mary W. Poor, " "
Agnes Blake Poor, " "
Mary Merrill Poor, " "
Mary H. Stone, Salem, Mass.
Laura Poor Stone, Newton, Mass.
Lincoln Ripley Stone, " "
Alfred Stone, Brovidence, R. I.
Mrs. Sarah J. Swan, North Andover, Mass.
Mrs. Sarah J. Winn, North Andover, Mass.
Mrs. M. A. Poor, Lawrence, Mass.
Abbott A. Poor, " "
Edward P. Poor, " "
Mrs. Sarah G. Poor, Newburyport, Mass.
Mrs. Catherine Poor, Newburyport, Mass.
Walter F. Poore, Haverhill, Mass.
Charles S. Kendrick, " "
Mrs. Julia I. Kendrick, " "
Mrs. H. W. Foote, " "
Miss Hattie I. Foote, " "
Mrs. H. S. McFadden, Cadiz, O.
H. H. McFadden, Steubenville, O.
Mrs. H. A. Bailey, West Newbury Mass.
Harris Jesse Poor, Manchester, N. H.
H. Kelly Poor, Byfield, Mass.
Mrs. H. Kelly Poore, Byfield, Mass.
John O. Poor, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. B. M. Clark, Manchester, N. H.
Alice McKeen, " "
B. K. Poor, Haverhill, Mass.
Mrs. B. K. Poor, " "
Ephraim Webster, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Mary A. Buswell, Boston, Mass.
Silas Dole, Boston, Mass.
James H. Noyes, Atkinson, N. H.
Mrs. James H. Noyes, " "
Edwin Poor, Bradford, Mass.
Joseph Poor, Kensington, N. H.
Geo. H. Plumer, Newbury, Mass.
Nancy Emerson, Haverhill, Mass.
Albert Emerson, " "
M. Augusta Hillard, Kensington, N. H.
Franklin P. Johnson, Manchester, N. H.
Emily E. Poor, Ipswich, Mass.
Emily G. Patch, " "
Estelle Corning Patch, Ipswich, Mass.
Sarah A. Emerson, Haverhill, Mass.
Lydia E. Poore.
Samuel Noyes, Atkinson, N. H.
Mrs. Samuel Noyes, " "
Gilman Perley, Georgetown, Mass.
Mrs. Gilman Perley, " "
Eliza Poor Noyes, Atkinson, N. H.
J. S. Poor, E. Somerville, Mass.

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A Word to Farmers.

The selection of a Hulky Hay Rake, which is now considered an indispensible implement on every well regulated farm, is a matter of considerable importance to the farmer, and should command his most careful attention. The farmer who thinks that all hay rakes are very much alike, and that one is just as good as another, and whose chief concern is to to find the lowest priced one, commits a very great mistake. The country is flooded with many very inferior rakes, that are dear at any price; some so worthless that the farmer who would accept one as a gift, and rely upon it to secure his crops likely to discover very soon that it would have been true economy for him to have bought at a fair price a reliable standard rake, with an established reputation for successful working and durability. By attempting to use an inferior or unreliable machine he is frequently annoyed and delayed in the busy time of harvest, by breakages that often result in the partial if not total loss of his crop. We ask those who design to purchase a horse rake for the coming harvest to read and examine the following points:

The Tiger Rake

Belongs to that class that are termed self-operating or horse-dump rakes. In rakes of this class the labor of discharging their load is transferred to the horse, instead of devolving upon the driver, and the latter is therefore relieved of the work which in hand-lever rakes is always more or less arduous.

The discharge is accomplished simply by pressing the foot upon a chain conveniently arranged for that purpose, as the teeth are firmly locked to the rotating axle, and after being lifted and the contact is disengaged by the movement of the horse, are automatically released and resume their work.

Any boy or girl that can drive a horse can rake with it as well as the strongest man, as the horse does all the hard work, and this is a very

EMERSON

Says everybody is going to see the new and leading

HALL, NEW HA

GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

Second Triennial Reunion of the Poore-Poor Family at Andover—Speeches by Maj. Ben Perley Poore and others.

The Poors came originally from Wiltshire England; John Poor the ancestor of John M. Poor of this city was the first of the name to come to America in 1635. He located at Oldtown, Newbury where he built a house in 1642. The building is still standing and is to this day occupied by his descendants. John Poor was followed in 1638 by his three brothers, Samuel, Daniel and Thomas, and one sister, Alice. Samuel Poor settled near Artichoke river, Newbury. His descendants went to Indian Hill, which was purchased of the Indians at an early date, and is still in the family, Maj. Ben Perley Poore being the present owner.

Daniel Poor settled in Andover. From him is descended General Enoch Poor, and his descendants are still residents of Andover. Thomas Poor died unmarried. Alice married into a family by the name of Eagle. The family can be traced back to Normandy France, pre-

Bay. Leaving their homes, they crossed the sea in small vessels, and settled in the frowning forests, where they founded a commonwealth, organized on the principles of natural justice by the voluntary combination of the inhabitants.

"From the rock where our fathers in exile
first landed;
Their clearing from river to river has spread;
And mountains and plains by their sons are
commanded,
Till now on the beach of Pacific they stand."

While John and Samuel Poor remained in Newbury, Daniel migrated to this pleasant town of Andover. I regret that some of the descendants of Daniel Poor could not to-day have told you something about the prominent members of the Andover tribe. More warlike than their cousins in Newbury, their military services in the early colonial days and in the Revolution were alike conspicuous and honorable. Prominent among them was Gen. Enoch Poor who removed to Exeter, N. H., some ten years before the Revolution broke out, and who was colonel of the Second N.H. Infantry. He commanded this regiment in the expedition against Canada, and was made Brig. General in 1777, commanding a brigade in Gates' army in the battles which resulted in

Then followed an intermission of an hour to be used as the programme stated for "renewing old kin acquaintances and making new ones." The instructions in this regard were followed to the letter. The members of the family from Ohio and Illinois shook hands with their kinsmen from Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and the buzz of conversation broken now and then by some poor joke on the family name, filled the hall until dinner time. Several interesting Revolutionary relics were shown, among them a picture of General Enoch Poor, painted by Kosciusko, while in camp at Valley Forge. A geneology of the Poore family, tribe of John, ten generations, 1615-1880, by Alfred Poore of Salem, has been published in book form, and was on sale.

Pictures of General Enoch Poor and of the house in Newbury built by John Poor were also to be had at the desk.

Ohio, Illinois, New York, Rhode Island and Vermont were represented by delegates.

A substantial dinner was served, under the direction of John M. Poor, in the hall above at 12:15 o'clock. Over one

behold with astonishment the army of their descendants of today. As the source of the river is in some secluded mountain spring, and as it winds its way along it is constantly being enlarged by other streams, rivulets, brooks, rivers and tributaries, until when it reaches the ocean it becomes a mighty, irresistable force; so with our ancestors who came to this country, young, no doubt poor, and uneducated, inexperienced, strangers in a strange land; notwithstanding, they persevered, and bravely met life's responsibilities and hardships, and today we count their descendants by thousands, moving along with an unceasing march towards the ocean of eternity. And as the peaceful lake reflects the image of the clouds which pass over it, so may our lives, actions and influence be reflected for the welfare of those with whom we come in contact. And may this family association of ours, so happily begun be continued, encouraged, and heartily and generously sustained, so that our poor yet rich name shall be transmitted unsullied and honored, down to future generations; always remembering that we all of us are made

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